or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are theſe lads? Where are theſe harts?

Quin, Bottom, ô moſt couragious day! O moſt happy houre!

Bott. Maſters, I am to diſcourſe wonders: but aske me not what. For if I tell you, I am not true *Athenian.* I will tell you euery thing right as it fell out.

Quin. Let vs heare, ſweete *Bottom.*

Bot. Not a word of mee. All that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparrell together, good ſtrings to your beardes, new ribands to your pumpes, meete preſently at the palace, euery man looke ore his part. For, the ſhort and the long is, our play is preferd. In any caſe let *Thiſby* haue cleane linnen: and let not him, that plaies the Lyon, pare his nailes: for they ſhall hang out for the Lyons clawes. And moſt deare Actors, eate no Onions, nor garlicke: for we are to vtter ſweete breath: and I do not doubt but to hear them ſay, it is a ſweete Comedy. No more wordes. Away, go away.

Enter Theſeus, Hyppolita, *and* Philoſtrate.

Hip. Tis ſtrange, my *Theſeus*, that theſe louers ſpeake of.

The. More ſtraunge then true. I neuer may beleeue
Theſe antique fables, nor theſe Fairy toyes.
Louers, and mad men haue ſuch ſeething braines,
Such ſhaping phantaſies, that apprehend more,
Then coole reaſon euer comprehends. The lunatick,
The louer, and the Poet are of imagination all compact.
One ſees more diuels, then vaſt hell can holde:
That is the mad man. The louer, all as frantick,
Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Ægypt.*
The Poets eye, in a fine frenzy, rolling, doth glance
From heauen to earth, from earth to heauen. And as
Imagination bodies forth the formes of things

Vnknowne: the Poets penne turnes them to ſhapes,
And giues to ayery nothing, a locall habitation,
And a name. Such trickes hath ſtrong imagination,
That if it would but apprehend ſome ioy,
It comprehends ſome bringer of that ioy.
Or in the night, imagining ſome feare,
How eaſie is a buſh ſuppoſ'd a Beare?

Hyp. But, all the ſtory of the night told ouer,
And all their minds transfigur'd ſo together,
More witneſſeth than fancies images,
And growes to ſomething of great conſtancy:
But howſoeuer, ſtrange and admirable.

Enter Louers; Lyſander, Demetrius, Hermia *and* Helena.

The. Here come the louers, full of ioy and mirth.
Ioy, gentle friends, ioy and freſh daies
Of loue accompany your hearts.

Lyſ. More then to vs, waite in your royall walkes, your boorde, your bedde.

The. Come now: what maskes, what daunces ſhall wee haue,
To weare away this long age of three hours, betweene
Our after ſupper, & bed-time? Where is our vſuall manager
Of mirth? What Reuels are in hand? Is there no play,
To eaſe the anguiſh of a torturing hower? Call *Philoſtrate.*

Philoſtrate. Here mighty *Theſeus.*

The. Say, what abridgement haue you for this euening?
What maske, what muſicke? How ſhall we beguile
The lazy tyme, if not with ſome delight?

Philoſt. There is a briefe, how many ſports are ripe.
Make choyce, of which your Highneſſe will ſee firſt.

The. The battell with the Centaures to be ſung,
By an *Athenian* Eunuche, to the Harpe?
Weele none of that. That haue I tolde my loue,
In glory of my kinſman *Hercules.*
The ryot of the tipſie *Bachanals,*